



**FRANK MILLER**

# SIN CITY

**A GAME TO KILL FOR**

**LEGEND**



SIN CITY  
2 OF 6

102 PGS. USD  
\$3.99 CAN.





THE NEXT DAY  
GOES BY ALL  
RIGHT I KEEP  
DISTRACTED I PAY  
MY RENT AND  
ROTATE MY TIRES.  
I GO SEE THREE  
MOVIES I DON'T  
THINK ABOUT AWA  
TOO OFTEN

THEN NIGHT FALLS  
AND THERE'S  
NOWHERE TO HIDE.  
THERE'S NO GAME  
ON, NOBODY TO  
CALL. I TRY TO  
READ BUT IT JUST  
WON'T HAPPEN.

SO I GET INTO  
BED AND CLOSE  
MY EYES AND  
REMAIN MYSELF  
ABOUT ALL THE  
REASONS WHY I  
SHOULDN'T GIVE  
A DAMN ABOUT  
AWA. IT DOESN'T  
WORK. THE WRONG  
MEMORIES KEEP  
POPPING UP

SHE RIPPED MY  
SOUL APART AND  
TOSSLED AWAY THE  
PIECES LIKE SHE  
WAS EMPTYING  
AN ASHTRAY BUT  
DIDN'T MY MIND  
JUST ON THAT?  
HELL, NO! IT  
BRINGS BACK  
THAT LOOK SHE  
HAD IN HER EYES  
WHEN I TOLD HER  
ABOUT MY DAD.  
THAT TIME WE  
SHOOK FEET AND  
GOT THE GARGLES  
AND COULDN'T  
STOP THAT CRAZY  
WAY SHE GOT  
SCARED IN THE  
MIDDLE OF THE  
NIGHT AND  
STARTED CRYING  
AND HOW I HELD  
HER CLOSE TO ME  
UNTIL DAWN

AND YEAH, I  
REMEMBER THE  
TUNE IN HER THE  
FEEL OF HER  
BREASTS, THE  
TASTE SHE LEFT  
IN MY MOUTH



WHAT AM  
I DOING  
SMOKING?

WHERE DID  
I GET THESE  
CIGARETTES?

NEVER GIVE AN  
INCH NEVER  
NEVER LET THE  
MONSTER OUT



IT'S AKA  
AND YOU  
CRAZY ALL  
OVER AGAIN



SHE'S NOT  
FORGETTING ANYTHING  
SHE'S IN FOR IT  
SHE DESERVES IT

BUT DOES SHE  
DESERVE TO DIE?  
THAT IS WHAT  
SHE SAID THAT  
SHE WAS GOING  
TO DIE

MAYBE IT'S ALL A PACK  
OF LIES, SOME SICK  
JOKE SHE'S PULLING ON  
ME FOR THE SHEER  
CRUELTY OF IT

I HAVE TO  
KNOW, ONE WAY  
OR THE OTHER

I HAVE  
TO KNOW



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO MUCH EFFORT TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS. JUST A SIMPLE JOB OF BREAKING AND ENTERING, PUNISHABLE BY UP TO FIVE YEARS IN THE SLAMMER, IF I'M CAUGHT.

IT TAKES A HALF HOUR TO CLIMB THE HILL OUT OF SIN CITY, UP TO WHERE THE AIR BLOWS COOL AND THE RICH FOLKS LIVE.

AND THEY DON'T GET MUCH RICHER THAN DAMIEN LORD. THE GUY DINES WITH BOARDS AND ROCKFELLERS.

DAMIEN LORD.

AM'S HUSBAND.



SAM'S GOT IT ALL. WHO'D DRAG ME INTO HER LIFE? I'M A COCKROACH TO PEOPLE LIKE THIS. IT'S CRAZY.

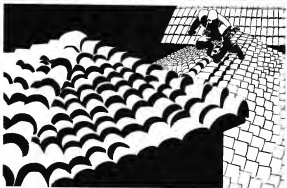


UNLESS WHAT SHE SAID IS TRUE, UNLESS SHE'S GOING TO GET KILLED.

I HAVE TO KNOW.

THE GATE'S PRETTY STANDARD STUFF, NO MOTION DETECTORS, NOT IN GOVOTE COUNTRY.

I JUST HOPE I'M NOT MAKING A TOTAL ASS OF MYSELF.





MY  
TELESCOPIC  
LENS LETS  
ME HAVE A  
LOOK  
AROUND.

I WIND UP  
SEEING A LOT  
MORE OF AKA  
THAN I  
BARGAINED  
FOR.













A DOOR SLIDES OPEN WITH A WHISPER. DAMIEN LORD LOOKS ARE OVER LIKE I'M SOMETHING THAT FELL OUT OF THE BACK END OF A HORSE WHICH IS PRETTY MUCH HOW I FEEL ABOUT MYSELF RIGHT THIS MINUTE.



AND WHAT DO WE HAVE HERE, MANATEE?

I LIKE TO TAKE PICTURES.

AN INTRUDER, SIR. A POSSIBLE BY ALL APPEARANCE'S RATHER PATHETIC. DON'T YOU THINK?



I KNOW IT'S WRONG. I'M GETTING HELP BUT SOMETIMES I CAN'T STOP MYSELF. I DON'T HURT ANYBODY.



WE NEEDN'T INVOLVE THE POLICE IN THIS. NEED WE?



NO, SIR. I HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.

VERY WELL. THEN, TEND TO HIM.



YES, SIR. SLEEP WELL, SIR.

AND FOR GOODNESS SAKE, SIR. DO GET SOME CLOTHES ON YOURSELF.



NOT IN HELL, DAMIEN.



ARMED!







THE  
SOUNDS  
GO AWAY



MAYBE HE  
KEEPS HITTING  
ME, I DON'T KNOW  
I'M GONE

GONE TO  
THAT PLACE  
WHERE  
THERE IS  
NO PAIN OR  
THOUGHT



I WAKE UP IN  
MID-AIR. THE  
Pavement  
RUSHES UP  
TO GIVE ME A  
BIG, SLOPPY  
KISS





I FIND A PAY PHONE  
AND CALL AGAMEMNON  
AND ASK HIM TO COME  
AND PICK ME UP. HE  
MAKES ME PROMISE  
TO BUY HIM A TANK  
OF GAS AND A PIZZA  
WITH THE WORKS

I GUESS I  
BLACK OUT  
AGAIN



ADAMENKON  
PULLS OVER AT A  
CHINESE JOINT  
AND SUCKS BACK  
SWEET-AND-SOUR  
ROADKILL WHILE  
I WIP THE BLOOD  
OFF MY FACE.  
THEN WE PICK UP  
THAT PIZZA I  
PROMISED HIM.



ANOTHER STOP, THIS ONE FOR  
CHILD BURGERS. SOMEWHERE  
ALONG THE WAY I REALIZE I  
DON'T HAVE MY KEYS.







NO.

I MEAN IT. PUT YOUR CLOTHES BACK ON AND GET OUT OF HERE NOW.



NO.

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE. I WOULD HAVE STAYED AWAY. YOU NEVER WOULD HAVE SEEN ME AGAIN.

BUT YOU CAME FOR ME. YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE. YOU STILL CARE YOU STILL WANT ME. AND I'M YOURS. NOW. TONIGHT.

YOU MAKE ME SICK. YOU AND THIS CRAZY GAME YOU'RE PLAYING. GET OUT OF MY LIFE ONCE AND FOR ALL OR I'LL BASH YOUR TEETH IN.



GO BACK TO  
YOUR MANSION OR  
GO TO HELL. I DON'T  
CARE WHICH.

DO  
YOU WANT  
ME TO GO?  
WOULD THAT AMUSE  
YOU? I'LL BEG. I'LL  
GROVEL. I HAVE NO  
SHAME. I AM NOTHING.  
I'M JUST I'M A LYING-  
TREASONER WHO'S  
GOING TO  
GET WHAT I  
DESERVE.



BUT I  
NEED HAVE  
YOU FIRST  
TONIGHT. NOW  
TOMORROW AND NEVER  
AGAIN. IF YOU CAN'T  
LOVE ME--HATE  
ME. IF YOU CAN'T  
FORGIVE ME--  
PUNISH  
ME.

OHAY





I CALL HER  
EVERY FOUL  
NAME THERE IS  
SHE MAKES MY  
NAVE SOUND  
LIKE MUSIC  
LIKE A CHANT  
TO SOME  
DARK GOD

SHE'S  
SLIPPERY  
WITH  
SWEAT.

BEFORE LONG MY  
HATRED'S SPENT BUT  
SHE WON'T LET GO  
SHE KISSES AND  
COAXES ME AND THE  
FIRE GROWS AGAIN



I'M DRAGGED  
TO THE  
GROUND BY  
A JUNGLE  
CAT SHE  
DEVOURS ME  
AND I THANK  
HER FOR IT.

WE SOB AND  
SNIVEL AND  
Bawl OUT  
LOUD LIKE A  
COUPLE OF  
SNOT-NOSED  
KIDS

WE FELT  
TOGETHER

THE SHLUGGER  
RUNS THROUGH  
BOTH OF US AS  
I SCREAM HER  
NAME

AJA

1997





I SAY ALL  
THE THINGS  
I SWORE I'D  
NEVER SAY  
AGAIN

SHE  
OWNS  
ME

BODY  
AND  
SOUL



HER VOICE  
GOES FLAT,  
HOPELESS

I  
THOUGHT  
I WAS  
READY TO  
DIE. I'M  
NOT.



I THOUGHT  
TONIGHT WOULD  
MAKE IT EASIER.  
IT DOESN'T.

DAMIEN'S  
GOING TO GET  
HIS WISH. AFTER  
ALL, I'LL BE  
HIM TO LET ME  
LIVE. BECAUSE  
OF YOU.

HE'S  
A MADMAN.  
A MADMAN HE  
TORTURES ME.  
IT GIVES HIM  
PLEASURE. IT  
MAKES HIM  
FEEL POWER-  
FUL.

MANDIE  
--THE MAN  
WHO BEAT YOU--  
HE'S A SPECIALIST  
AT INFLICTING PAIN.  
HIDEOUS PAIN. IN  
ALL THE PLACES  
YOU JUST GAVE  
ME JOY.



DAMIEN  
TALKS AND TALKS  
AND WATCHES WHILE  
MANUTE JOGS HIS  
NEEDLES--AND HIS  
FINGERS. THE  
FINGERS ARE THE  
WORST OF IT

HE  
DOESN'T  
LEAVE A MARK  
ON ME. AT LEAST  
HE HASN'T SO  
FAR.

BUT IT'S  
WORSE EACH  
TIME. HE'S  
GETTING CLOSER  
TO HIS FINAL  
SICK CLIMAX

LATELY  
DAMIEN'S SHOWN  
ME. ~~BECAUSE~~ HE'S  
ACQUIRED STRANGE  
SHARP DEVICES FROM  
SPAIN AND CHINA AND  
AFRICA. HE SHOWS  
ME HOW THEY  
WORK.



HE  
SAYS I'LL  
BE VERY  
UGLY  
BEFORE  
I DIE.

NO, NO  
YOU AREN'T  
GOING TO  
DIE. YOU'RE  
COMING  
WITH ME.



HER LAUGH IS BLACK  
AND BOTTOMLESS

NO,  
DARLING, NO.  
HE'D FIND US  
HE'D FIND US AND  
HE'D KILL YOU AND  
I COULDN'T STAND  
KNOWING I CAUSED  
THAT HE LET'S ME  
RUN AWAY! HE  
LAUGHS ABOUT IT!  
HE KNOWS HE  
WILL ALWAYS  
FIND ME!

I'LL  
FIND A WAY!  
I KNOW I WILL!  
HE'S NEVER GUT  
HIS HANDS ON  
YOU AGAIN!



KREEEK!



YOU  
HAVE BEEN  
VERY BAD, MISS  
LORD. MR. LORD  
WILL REQUIRE  
THAT YOU BE  
DISCIPLINED.  
COME ALONG. I  
WILL FETCH  
YOUR  
COAT.



NO, DAMEHE  
DON'T FIGHT  
HIM. HE'LL  
KILL YOU. HE'S  
NOT HUMAN.  
HE'LL KILL  
YOU.

YOU  
WOULD  
DO WELL  
TO LISTEN  
TO HER,  
SIR.



DAMNED!  
NO! I BEG  
YOU, MY  
LOVE!

HE'LL  
KILL  
YOU!

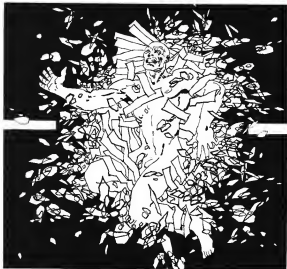
I PUNCH  
A VAULT  
DOOR.

FAP

IT DOESN'T  
FALL DOWN,  
SO I PUNCH  
IT AGAIN.







CONTINUED



WRITE TO:

# BLAM!

10956 S.E. MAIN STREET MILWAUKIE, OR 97222

EDITOR JERRY PROSSER SENT PREVIEW COPIES OF *A DAME TO KILL FOR* IN TO A FEW OF YOU FOLKS OUT THERE. HERE'RE THE LETTERS WE'VE GOTTEN THANKS FOR THE WARM RECEPTION.

Wayne Chang  
New York, NY

I knew that a sequel of sorts to *Sin City* was in the works, but I wondered what it would be like without *Violent Mary*. He was our tour guide through the rough streets and seedy country bars. He is a rather straightforward character with a singular propensity for violence.

Dwight, however, is more complex. He may look like a straight arrow, but the first issue of *A Dame to Kill For* shows that Dwight may have inner demons to rival Mary's. Somewhere down the line, *Sin City* has broken Dwight to taking blackmail photos to eke out a living. I have a feeling that we are going to see Dwight crack, and it's going to be very ugly for the guy on the receiving end. One thing I liked in particular is the part about Mary being "...just another loser in a joint that's full of them." Mary's story is incredible, and if he is just another bum, then I have to wonder how many other stories are waiting to be heard in *Sin City*. This was a wonderful story, and I cannot wait to see the next issue. I have a couple of questions:

1) On page 12, was that Goldie speeding past Dwight and the hooker?

2) Will *A Dame to Kill For* involve both Dwight and Mary equally, or is Mary used to introduce Dwight?

The artwork still amazes me. In spite of the stark black-and-white art, whole shades of gray and thick smoke are present or at the very least easily imagined. I could not imagine this story with a gray scale or color. The first impression is the strongest, and *Sin City* and *A Dame to Kill For* pack one hell of a punch. Thank you again.

WHY WAS THAT GOLDIE? SURE LOOKED LIKE HER TO ME.  
2) MORE MARY NEXT ISSUE -- A LOT MORE.

Steven Steinbock  
Yamouth, ME

Your tone, your style, the SFNematic pace, the spare blow images, all define comic noir. And the setting? I've been to places like this before. *Sin City* is a little bit Gotham, a little Cynosure, and a little ancient Babylon. A place where nothing is certain but that life is on the edge.

Dwight is my kind of hero. A "clean liver," a "boy scout," a knight riding in on his white mustang. But there's another level to him. "Never lose control," he tells himself. "Never let the monster out." He reminds me of the best of the sad, lone gunshoes — Philip Marlowe, Lawrence Sanders' Matt Scudder. Dwight is that tentative stained-glass knight Chandler described in the opening of *Big Sleep*.

A few individual comments and questions:

Page 12) Who was that crazy blonde in the speeding sports car? She looks a lot like Goldie's sister, Wendy.

Page 23) It was a treat to see Mary again. Having not read your *Dark Horse Insider* #23 interview, it came as a complete surprise.

Page 26) The full-page panel devoid of text dramatically marked Ava's entrance. But I personally found it awkward stumbling into a page with no narrative.

Pages 31-32) These were incredible. Sequences don't get much better than this. The smoke, the emotions, the departure. It's better than *Casablanca*. *Sin City* is a keeper.

OR WAS THAT WENDY? IT'S KIND OF HARD TO TELL THE TWO OF THEM APART...

G.E. Schlegelmilch  
Montgomery, AL

I just ready a photocopy of the first issue of

### Sin City: A Dame to Kill For

For the third time

The first time I was caught up in the graphics alone. The disgust in Dwight's face — even in his speech — gave me the distinct impression that this was not how he wanted to pay the rent this month. The needs and the wants in the tableaux that unfolded: The anger. The fear. All of it, tangible. Powerful storytelling, indeed.

Then, I got into the story a little more, reading the dialog, getting more of the flow of words and pictures. And they work together to paint a very real picture of a very ugly, very real world. People hurt themselves and each other. People need and want to cry. You capture all that in words, light, and shadows.

One more pass through, a day later. Now, it's a little more familiar. The flow of the story is paced in exactly what the first scene should be: introduce the characters, set the scene. I don't just know the characters' names, I know who they are.

Unfortunately, I keep coming to the last page, and know it will be months before I get the next part of the story. Damn.

Ken Fries

Whitestone, NY

Regardless of the fact that I think Frank Miller is the greatest comics creator of all time, *A Dame to Kill For* is a really a terrific book. A strained relationship, one of Miller's more often used themes, is being handled in a new and interesting way yet again.

Over half of this book is spent just showing Dwight doing what he does, allowing us to gain insight into the lead character, and give us reason enough to care about him, so that when Ava walks in, you can read all the conflicting pain and desire right from the look on his face.

Frank continues to prove just what an amazing artist he is, because who else can convey this much emotion and vibrancy with just black and white?

I met Frank in New York and Boston not too long ago, and he seemed genuinely excited about the prospect of doing more of these kinds of books. I hope he doesn't stop of a long time.

Robert Watts

San Luis Obispo, CA

*A Dame to Kill For* #1 was awesome to say the least. I already like it better than the first chapter of *Sin City*. I like the whole idea of what you're doing with it. Giving us glimpses into the lives of the folks who inhabit *Sin City*. Each miniseries contains a little story, yet it's only a small part of a larger story. I'm a very excited about the whole *Sin City* mega-project I've been reading about in the various fan press. The worst part is having to wait for each new issue, and there's even a longer wait between

chapters. I've been a fan of your artwork for over ten years, though, and I know it'll be worth the wait.

I also enjoyed the guest appearances from Mary and Goldie (or was that her sister, as I suspected)? This touch helps to link the stories together. I just have one more question about *Sin City*: How long will it take to get the stories out to us fans? Will it take 1.5 years like Dave Sim's *Cerebus*? If that's the case, at least I can take comfort in knowing that there will be something on the shelves worth buying for a long time to come, which has become a rarity lately.

And speaking of things worth my hard-earned cash, the new Legend imprint looks to be very promising. This seems to be exactly what discriminating readers need, what with the plethora of crap that is being published these days. I used to buy comics for the character or storyline, but I can't trust these anymore, because if the writing sucks, I feel ripped off. There are only a few writers (or writers/artists) whose work I will purchase sight unseen, and Frank Miller definitely falls in that category, along with John Byrne, Paul Chadwick, Art Adams, Jim Shooter, Chris Claremont, and Peter David.

Also, please thank the folks responsible for sending me the preview of *Sin City: A Dame to Kill For* #1. It was truly a delight to find that in my mailbox among many unwanted bills. It really brightened an otherwise dismal day. It's currently at my local comics shop for anyone who might be interested in checking it out. So far, I've only heard positive reactions and seen lots of smiles.

SIN CITY ISN'T SO MUCH A "MEGA-STORY" AS A SERIES OF INTERCONNECTED ADVENTURES. DIFFERENT CHARACTERS WILL TAKE THE LEAD ROLE. THE ONLY "ENDING" THE SERIES WOULD REALLY HAVE IS IF SOMEBODY HURLED THE WHOLE TOWN. I PLAN TO KEEP GOING IT FOR A LONG, LONG TIME. I'M HAVING A BALL.

IT'S GREAT TO HEAR YOUR REACTION TO THE LEGEND IMPRINT, ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU UNDERSTAND ITS INTENT SO VERY WELL. SOME PEOPLE HAVE MISTAKEN LEGEND AS YET ANOTHER ENTRY INTO THE SUPERHERO UNIVERSE SWEEPSTAKES, BUT WE'RE UP TO SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT, QUITE THE OPPOSITE. IN FACT, RATHER THAN A COMPANY-OWNED, COMPANY-CONTROLLED, UNIFIED, HOMOGENEOUS LINE OF COMICS, LEGEND WILL PRESENT THE VERY FINEST AND MOST DIVERSE WORK EACH OF US CAN ACHIEVE. AND IT'S READERS LIKE YOU WHO CAN MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR US TO SUCCEED.

DAMN, HERE I WAS GOING TO WRITE MY OWN CRABBY COLUMN. JUST LIKE JOHN BYRNE'S "A FLAME ABOUT THIS HEAT" BUT YOUR LETTERS HAVE LEFT ME IN TOO GOOD A MOOD. THANKS AGAIN.

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